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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

SOUTH.

A fire in Clinton, Mo., burned half the western side of the public square. Loss \$50,000.

The legislature of West Virginia has adjourned without removing the capital of the state.

The steamboat Belle Lee ran into and sunk the Spanish brig Le Haute at New Orleans last week; loss \$50,000. The Spanish bark Constanza was also damaged.

The Cairo and Fulton Railroad bridge across Arkansas river at Little Rock has been completed. This gives an unbroken railway connection between St. Louis and Fulton. The bridge across Red river at the latter place is rapidly approaching completion.

The Collier white lead and oil company's works, corner Clark and Tenth streets, St. Louis, caught fire and all the manufacturing part of the extensive building was destroyed. Loss on machinery about \$80,000; stock \$10,000 building \$10,000. Insured for \$15,000.

A colored delegation composed of Geo. F. Downing, Frederick Douglas and others had an interview last week by appointment with Representative A. H. Stevens, of Georgia. Stephens freely admitted that colored men as citizens were entitled to full protection in their civil rights without any individual proscription, but that it was the duty of the respective states and not that of the federal government, in order to secure them.

Hon. Shakespeare Caldwell, formerly member of congress from Louisville Ky., but now of New York, turned over to the poor of Louisville on Christmas day a handsome building for hospital purposes which he has had erected at a cost of \$80,000. The edifice is to be called the hospital of St. Mary and St. Elizabeth and is to be under the charge of the sisters of charity, to be open for the reception of patients of every denomination.

The gift is made in memory of Mr. Caldwell's wife, the only daughter of Col. Jas. D. Brinkley, the distinguished lawyer. The building is furnished with all the modern conveniences and will accommodate several hundred patients.

WEST.

The great iron bridge of the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis railroad company, crossing the Mississippi river at Louisiana, Missouri, was completed last week, and a train of cars passed over it. This bridge consists of nine spans, ranging from 100 to 260 feet in width, the draw of which is 441 feet in length, the longest in the world. The total length of the bridge is 2,025 feet, and it is 5,000 cubic yards of iron, 250,000 cubic yards of earth, and its superstructure is all of the best quality. The whole work has been done in less than six months, and was commenced in July last. A little half a mile long is being built from the Illinois shore, so as to insure a permanent channel through the draw.

EAST.

The striking Longshoremen of Philadelphia have organized an association. One resolution declares that white and colored men may become members.

Cuban agents in New York state that orders have been received that no more rifles are needed by the Cuban forces as they have captured more than sufficient to arm all they can put at present in the field.

By the deed of endowment of the school at Penikese, given by Mr. Anderson, the tobaccoist, Prof. Agassiz had the right to select his successor as president, and he chooses his son, Alexander Agassiz.

Mr. Shacken, the assistant commissioner of patents, Hamilton A. Hill and William P. Blake, the three members of the permanent committee appointed by the International patent congress, have issued a call for a convention of all persons interested in patent protection, to be held in Washington, January 15th, to discuss the subject, and if brought desirable, organize a United States patent association.

The mates in the United States navy, on duty at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, are preparing a memorial to congress for an increase of pay. Their present pay is \$700 per annum when at sea, and \$900 per annum when on shore duty. This sum they consider is inadequate to support a position becoming an officer, while it is less than the pay received by subordinates, boatwains, gunners, and other warrant officers receiving from \$1,200 to \$1,800 according to length of service.

The accounts of the late terrible collision at sea are very conflicting. R. M. Maltus writes a second letter, throwing the whole blame on the officer of the watch aboard the Ville de Havre, on the ground that it is a law of the sea for steam vessels to get out of the way of sailing vessels. The officer thus blamed is among the lost. Mr. Maltus calls the French crew a mob of brutes and cowards. Possibly his views are colored by national prejudice.

Gen. Belknap, Secretary of War, is disposed to cut the estimates of the war department down to the lowest possible limit. Those for military services proper received his personal attention, and were calculated as closely as possible, but he proposes to readjust them and reduce them as far as the actual requirements of the service will permit. The estimates of appropriation for fortifications, armament of forts, and for rivers and harbors, amounting in the aggregate to about twenty million dollars, can be very materially reduced. Congress can decide as to the locations where appropriations are needed.

GENERAL.

The Attorney General has recommended to the President the pardon of Marion Fowler, William Ramsey and John Wilcock, convicted Kaffirs, now serving terms of imprisonment in the Albany prison.

Secretary Delano warns territorial or other officers that absence from their post without special permission will be considered as a resignation, and says any officer asking leave of absence will accompany his request with a statement of the cause for making such request.

A general order has been issued from the navy department, informing all deserters from the navy that if they surrender themselves before Feb. 1, 1874, they will receive full pay; only forfeiture of pay and allowances this time, and shall be restored to duty without trial or punishment on condition that they faithfully serve out their full term of enlistment untried at the time of desertion.

THE VIRGINIANS.

The investigation as to the character of the Virginians will be conducted in New York. The Government is powerless to proceed against Patterson, to whom the register for the vessel was issued, on account of the statute of limitations.

The Virginians prisoners surrendered at Santiago say that when the officers from the Tornado boarded the Virginians, one of them in handling down the flag of the United States, tore it into ribbons and trampled on it, asserting, with an oath, "This is what I have expected."

The Epoch publishes a letter from Gen. Sickles declaring that early in the Virginians dispute the Intriguantes of Madrid proposed to make a demonstration hostile to the United States. The Epoch denies that there was any such intention and regrets that Gen. Sickles took no pains to contradict the dispatch from America reporting that such a demonstration had actually taken place.

As Spain has proven to the satisfaction of the United States, according to the Attorney General's opinion, that the Virginians was at the time of her capture carrying the United States flag without right and improperly, the salute to the flag will be dispensed with, as now not necessarily required; but the United States will expect a disclaimer of any intent of indignity to its flag in the act which was committed.

The London Times, alluding to the report that Spain has made a demand upon the United States for the restoration of the Virginians and the survivors surrendered at Santiago de Cuba, says such action on the part of Spain would be premature. Despite the opinion of the Attorney General of the United States, that the Virginians had no right to carry the American flag, Spain must wait until the United States Court has settled the case of the vessel, before proceeding further in the matter.

The situation in Santiago de Cuba is reported as very serious. Only a week ago twenty-five citizens were arrested, and after a mock trial, without any evidence being adduced against them, they were told to go home. On the way they were cruelly waylaid and killed, only one escaping. He was ridden with bullets. Americans are continually in fear for their lives, and bitterly complain that nothing has been done to redress their wrongs. It is not safe for an American officer to go ashore alone at Santiago. All along the river line the Spaniards are erecting new batteries.

The Tribune's Key West telegram gives an account of the surrender of the Virginians prisoners to Lieutenant Commander Braine, of the Junia. It appears that the Spanish authorities to the last moment kept the poor prisoners in ignorance of their prospective release, and with base inhumanity led them to suppose that they were to be executed. Priests were with them taking their confessions and dying declarations, and imploring them to look to God for pardon. They were taken out of prison in despair, but on their way to the slaughter-pen, as they supposed, their eyes fell upon the Junia flying the flag of the United States. When they realized the truth a scene occurred which beggars description. The enthusiasm knew no bounds. They were speedily transferred to the deck of the Junia and gave vent to the most extravagant and touching demonstrations of joy, embracing each other, some crying, some kissing, and others audibly offering thanks to the Almighty for their deliverance from the horrors of their dungeon and the prospects of an ignominious death. On the night before the surrender the officers and crew of the Junia were stationed at quarters. Her guns being turned on the city. The Spanish volunteers having been excited to an open riot by the rumor that the surrender was to take place, a large number of volunteers went in a body to the governor's palace and begged permission to attempt the capture of the Junia, saying that they could do it with knives alone. The governor refused to grant permission. Our officers believe that the application was made in earnest, and not a few regret that it was not favorably entertained, as the Junia alone, not to speak of the Kansas and Pinta, would have been more than a match for their assailants. On the arrival of the Pinta at Santiago, orders came to the ship from Commander Braine for the paymaster to issue all the blankets and pea-jackets in his department to the prisoners, who were hardly fit to be seen in their rags. This was speedily done, but as there was still great destitution, orders came for every man on board to give their own blankets and wearing apparel in the good cause, the promise being made that all would be replaced on the arrival of the ship at Key West. The officers and men cheerfully complied with this order, only preferring that it should be issued as a request, in which case they would have obeyed with as much alacrity. Every heart was touched by the pitiable condition of the prisoners. The poor fellows report that they were barbarously treated. The surrender took place at Fort Castle, seven miles below Santiago. A receipt was given for the prisoners. It was reported in Santiago that when it was found that the Virginians had been towed out of the harbor of Havana, a large number of naval officers of high grade tendered their resignation to the home government by telegraph.

GOD PITY THE POOR.

The wild, rushing winds of the tempest are sweeping the frost-fetters from the spirit of wrath; His fiercest breath with keen arrows is piercing The bosoms of the wanderers who stand in his path; The earth in a trance lies enshrouded in silence, The storm-knocks knock loudly at window and door; The prayer of the piteous fervently rises— God shelter the homeless and pity the poor!

God pity the poor who are wearily sitting By desolate hearthstones, cold, cheerless and bare, From which the last ember's pale flickering has faded, Like Hope dying out in the midst of despair; Who look on the world and see it a desert, Where ripple no waters, no green branches wave, Who see in the future dark as the present, No rest but the death-bed, no home but the grave.

God pity the poor when the eddying snow-drifts Are whirled by the wrath of the winter wind; Like showers of leaves from the pallid starvelings, That float in the depths of the blue lake on high; For though they are dragging the broad earth in vain, And beating some fax in each gasping effort, That beauty is sought which the world's children Are cringing around here in hunger and cold.

God pity the poor, for the wealthy are often As hard as the winter and cold as the snow; While fortune makes sunshine and summer around them, They care not for others nor think of their woe; Or if from their plenty a trifle be given, So doubtfully, grudgingly, often 'tis doted, That to the receiver their "charity" seems More painful than hunger, more bitter than cold.

God pity the poor! for though all men are brothers, Though all say "Our Father," not mine, when they pray, The proud ones of earth turn aside from the lowly As if they were fashioned of different clay; They see not in those who in meekness and patience, Toil, poverty, pain, without murmur endure, The image of Him whose first couch was a manger, Who chose for our sakes to be homeless and poor.

God pity the poor! give them courage and patience Their trials, temptations and troubles to brave, And pity the wealthy whose lot is so rare, For gold cannot gladden the gloom of the grave; And as this brief life, whether painful or pleasant, To one that is ended but opens the door, The heart aches while thinking on palace and hall; God pity the wealthy as well as the poor.

A HUNTER OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

The deer, I noted, were all upon their feet, as if alarmed by the smell of my tobacco or else by the passage of the giant bird. A new animal had also made his appearance on the savanna since my last observation; a fine gray ox, which was grazing on the outside. With that unreasoning instinct which one soon learns in the forest, my eyes fixed themselves upon this animal, although no sign appeared to excite rare suspicion. Oxen are common enough in Chontales, where they are bred for the San Salvador market, and of course many of them stray from the herd and run wild; all through the forests of Mosquito such "cimarron" cattle are found. And yet my eyes fixed themselves obstinately upon this stray animal. Surely, I thought, after some minute's watch, there is something wrong about this business; those forelegs seem strangely shaped, and his movements—

The ox appeared to be walking, or lounging, if the expression be admissible, in a circle; breathlessly I waited till the off-side came under my sight. Slowly and carelessly he moved on, grazing here, and dozing there, but always circling round. Ha! well might they seem odd, those fore-legs! A man was walking behind the off-shoulder, with one hand on the near horn, and a gun in the other. The docile animal circled nearer and nearer to the herd, which regarded him suspiciously, but made no movement. I felt sure that he was as much interested in the event as the best-bred retriever in English turnip fields.

A long half-hour I waited. The bucks tossed their heads impatiently, and stamped their little hoofs, but the does lay down again. By an accident, which I blessed fervently, the hunter chose his range at a point just opposite to me. I could have shouted with delight when I saw the long barrel—painted with black gum, that it might not sparkle—pulsed over the ox's back. A jet of fire, pale in the brilliant sunshine, shot forth, and the noblest deer in the herd leaped high into the air. Down the savanna they came headlong, rolling one another over in the panic. With head thrown back, and fore-legs gathered beneath him, a fine buck laid the way; at fifty yards from me they had disappeared under the trees—but led by another monarch. The bravest of their bucks lay prone upon the grass!

I turned, while reloading, to look for my brother sportsman. Behold! his wondrous ox had developed a new accomplishment! See! now careering over the savanna like a Derby crack, bearing its master in safety to the hills! Loud and long I whooped in my finest jungle falsetto, before the hero would heed, but at half a mile's distance he pulled up and turned to look at me. I made the most impressive signals fancy could suggest, or memory recall from long-forgotten ballets. I advanced with arms delicately outspread, patted my chest, and pointed to heaven—upon my honor I had great thoughts of pinning that one leg, and kissing each hand alternately to him. These exertions were rewarded at last, as well they deserved to be. After loading his long "gas-pipe" with most significant care, the hunter trotted toward me; I laid down my rifle, unbuttoning, however, the pistol-holster on my hip and advanced. Wary, indeed, are the great-eyes upon those burnt hills by the Mico.

"Buenos dias, caballero," drawled the hunter, with his thumb on the hammer of his piece, and his finger on the trigger.

"Buenos dias," I replied, leaning, but without affectation, on the butt of my revolver. Then we glanced over each other.

My new acquaintance had a slender frame covered with yellowish-brown skin, dull as parchment. His long, straight hair, glittering eyes a fleur de tele, ill-formed nose, and wrinkled month, revealed the pure Indian blood at a glance; while, on his part, he recognized me, I trust, as a "macho," from whom no wanton injury could be apprehended. Simultaneously we dropped our weapons, and shook hands; then we drank a long "cocktail" each from the flask in which I carried that mixture, and thus became friends—regular "compadres." The deer packed on the ox's back, and we returned toward my camp. In walking triumphantly through the forest, I observed:

"That is a wonderful ox of yours. Is this strange mode of hunting common here?"

"No," replied he. "It takes too much trouble to train the animals, and very many turn out ill after months of education. Chiquito is a beauty, isn't he? Wind and sun and season are nothing; show him the herd, and he will put you within range. He never failed me yet."

"Oxen do not look very likely creatures for such work," I said. "How do you train them?"

"Ah, señor! If folks would but give themselves the pains with oxen that is readily devoted to horses, they would soon find which is the clever animal of the two. I've been a breeder of different cattle all my life, and I know what can be done with each. I never had any animal of any kind under my hands so intelligent as Chiquito."

"But for hunting you must select the very cleverest young oxen in the 'corral.' How is he to be known? I'll tell you, señor; take the most beautiful! Beauty and intellect, as goes my experience of animals, are much more closely connected than common fools think. As to mankind I don't give any opinion, for my life has passed on these lonely savannas, in silent forests and desolate hills; of men and women I don't speak, nor knowing much, but I believe the same rule governs them also; for mules and horses and cattle, I will answer for it, the most beautiful is the cleverest."

"Having thus chosen your ox of two years old, or two and a half, you tie his head fast to a post. Then with a short club you beat his horns, not hard, but steadily, with quick strokes. For a couple of months you thus tap him an hour or two daily; at the end of that time the outer horn gets quite loose, and might be slipped off with a slight wrench. When this is found to be the case, the ox should be fitted with a pair of reins attached to the horns, and a steady pen should be set to drive him. Then untie him from the post. Of course his first movement is to bolt into the forest, but a pull on the sore horn soon stops that ambition. Then he mostly turns short round to gore, but a steady grasp of one rein forces him straight again. Some will back upon the driver and try to slack the reins; they always turn out well, those that attempt that clever trick, unless they grow regularly vicious. Chiquito tried it as soon as ever he felt the cord, and knocked his driver over. Fortunately I was there, or he would have been lost, and my peon also."

"In the course of a day or two the ox gets quiet, and answers to the rein well enough. Then he is taught to stand when jerked, to bend his head, to step evenly, and other little tricks. When his horns are quite healed, he still answers to the touch upon them—that is, he should do—but a very great many forget all their education when the pain has gone. Then he is taken out to the savanna, and practiced round a stump."

"But not until your ox has been out two or three times after real game can his cleverness be judged. Some never do anything except just what they are told; others have a hundred little tricks when the deer seem frightened—Chiquito here will lie down and roll, covering me all the time; he will sidle up against the wind in a manner I never taught him; he takes as much interest in the hunt as I."—Camp Notes, by Frederick Boyle.

NEW METHOD OF IRON-MAKING.—According to the English Mechanic, a new process of iron-making, which dispenses with the blast furnace, has been practically tested, and specimens of its produce shown at Wolverhampton. The bloom is made direct from the ore, which is ground mixed with lime and pitch, and baked in a coke oven. This is treated as pig-iron, and a furnace being charged with it, it is ready for the helve or the squeezer in half an hour. The inventors claim that by their process they can make a ton of finished iron from the ore at an expenditure of only two tons of coal; that they can make German steel as cheaply as cast-iron, and that they can furthermore make the latter equal in purity to charcoal iron.

FLOWERS are the sweetest things God ever made and forgot to put a soul with.

Postal Telegraph.

The president of the Western Union telegraph company, in a letter to a New York paper, says: "The Herald is probably correct in assuming that further reduction of rates will not be made by the companies now doing the telegraph business, for some time to come." The Western Union company have adopted some uniformity in their charges within a few years past, and made a few other reductions in their rates, to the great benefit of the public and the company; but the public are under no obligations to the company for making these reductions; for President Orton, in his annual report, informs his stockholders that they were forced upon them from the competition of opposition companies. They have recently purchased the principal opposition lines, and have reduced their rates so low that the remaining companies are unable to make any money. Now that this great monopoly is free from all fear of competition, they announce that they will make no further concessions in rates.

That the company are able to make further reductions is shown by the facts given in the annual reports. From these it appears that the rates have been reduced nearly one-third in six years, yet the cost of doing the business is so much less, in consequence of its great increase, that the net profits are greater at the lower than at the higher rates. Mr. Orton has so often reiterated the proposition that the expenses increase in nearly as rapid a ratio as the business, and therefore reduction in rates cannot be made, that he has persuaded himself of its truth, and is unable to appreciate the force of the facts which we have given.

Mr. Orton truly says that the telegraph is only in its infancy. The growth of its business is much more rapid than that of the express or postoffice, and at the same ratio of increase the number of telegrams that will be annually sent ten years hence is larger than the number of letters sent when the postage was reduced to five cents. The immediate increase in the correspondence that followed upon the use of the five and three cent postage stamp was enormous, rapidly increasing from 50,000,000 to 600,000,000. There will be the same increase in the telegraphic correspondence if the same relative reductions in rates are made, for the same causes would operate to produce like effects. The people cannot hope for such reductions from the Western Union telegraph company, because there is now no reason to induce it to make them, and because the loss of net revenues from the great reductions in rates necessary to popularize the telegraph would be greater than the saving of expenses on each telegram from the great increase in the business. Such reductions can be made under the postal telegraph system, for that will save nearly one-quarter of the present expenses, and would therefore authorize a reduction in rates of nearly forty per cent, and yet leave a sufficient profit on the greatly increased business.

The postmaster-general will ask congress to purchase all existing lines of telegraph, and build the new ones required for the business. The expense of purchasing these lines have been estimated by committees of congress at from \$40,000,000 to \$70,000,000. It is not likely congress will feel disposed, in the present condition of our finances, to authorize such an expenditure, especially as the object sought can be accomplished without any expense to the government.

The postoffice department will furnish the offices, and the postal telegraph company will transmit the messages at rates fixed by congress.

If the people desire to have a cheap telegraph, and to have the news furnished to the press at low rates, they must support the postal telegraph system, and urge congress to pass the bill authorizing the postmaster-general to contract as he now contracts for the carriage of the mails. If, on the other hand, they desire to perpetuate an overgrown monopoly, which is every day growing more powerful, then let them continue the present system, by which a single private corporation controls the telegraphic correspondence of a nation, and has the power to give or withhold news to the press, and to mold public opinion in its own interest. Such a power is too great for any private company to hold, and should be in the hands of the people, to be used only for their benefit.

VARIETY OF FOOD.—The Scientific American is of the opinion that we require variety in our food. It says experience has proved that, for some reason unknown to science, variety is essential to health after reaching the age when we are free to choose our food. The perpetual recurrence of the same edibles, even though their number be considerable, becomes in all periods of life, except infancy, not only wearisome, but positively injurious. Salt pork, salt fish and potatoes, with pie, pork bread and Japan tea, are the staple food for thousands of families during our long winters. It should be understood how needful a change of diet is from time to time. Fresh vegetables, particularly in the country, are

readily obtained and preserved, and should be unsparingly used. The edible roots, as turnips, carrots, onions, and beets and cabbages are well worth preserving as the omnipresent potato. All these vegetables need thorough boiling, and more than they generally get.

The Difficulties of Watermelon Culture.

"Can the watermelon be successfully cultivated on sandy soil, in a rural town of four thousand inhabitants, and a theological institute located near by, containing one hundred and twenty students studying for the ministry?" This question excited considerable comment and loud discussion among the agriculturists present at the meeting of the "Hayseeds" in Cleveland, and nearly an hour and a half was spent in discussing the same. An old green grocer who had raised early and late vegetables for the market for twenty years of his earlier life, said he could raise melons on top of a barn, or on a billiard table, even, let him pick the locality and his neighbors. It was not so much the soil, nor the season, that the melon depended upon for its perfection, as it was the peculiarities of the inhabitants of the country roundabout. Where there was an excess of colored citizens it was almost as impossible to raise a paying crop of melons as it was to keep spring chickens, unless they roosted at night in a Herring cage. Then, again—colleges have a bad effect upon the melon crop, and even a minister's family of seven boys has been known to blight a large patch in a single night. In sections of country where these drawbacks exist, the speaker had learned that the only method to insure a full crop of melons was to station a man by each melon from the time it was the size of a hen's egg until it ripened. This was expensive but the result was always gratifying. As the fruit grew in size, and approached ripeness, the speaker had sometimes found it necessary to station two guards over each large melon, and even then, in communities where a great fondness for these luscious products existed, he had known of the insides of a large watermelon being stolen and devoured while two men with clubs and pistols were seated on the shell, or rind, engaged in friendly converse.—Danbury News.

Zinc Bandages in Surgery.

An interesting and important experiment in surgery was performed at the Park hospital, a few days ago, in the presence of a number of distinguished surgeons, by Dr. Fluhrer, inventor of a new bandage for fractured limbs. The contrivance consists of a number of perforated zinc strips, which, when once arranged, form an absolutely inflexible bandage, not to be disarranged by any violence or uneasiness of the patient. As soon as these cover the point of fracture, the limb is firmly set and the natural outline restored. In one of the wards of the Park hospital is Francis Lefry, a truckman who had a compound fracture of both thighs. No parallel case of dual fracture, it is said, is on medical record; and, as the most unpromising, the doctor selected it for a practical test. After ether had been given to the patient, Dr. Fluhrer bent over the sole of each foot a broad zinc strip in the form of a loop, the extremities of which were securely wrapped with cloth bandages previously steeped in plaster of paris, which were prevented from slipping by the tooth-like projections of the reverse side of the punctured zinc. The terrible fracture of both thighs, when the limbs were stripped for this purpose, could be plainly perceived. To the loops were fastened stout cords, which passed over the grooves of pulleys affixed to the adjacent wall, and were drawn tight by Warder Brennan. Dr. Fluhrer next mummified the limbs with a multiplicity of bandages, over which he laid his zinc strips, and covered them with a second stratum of bandage. Immediately the lumpiness about the region of injury disappeared, and the doctor expects that, in six weeks, this bandage will be removed, and in two more Lefry will use his legs.

THE ACTION OF ANTISEPTIC SUBSTANCES UPON VIRUS.—M. Davaine has recently examined the following substances, which he classifies in regard to their power as antiseptics in the subjoined order: Ammonia, silicate of soda, ordinary vinegar, and carbolic acid; then caustic potash, chloride of oxide of sodium (?), hydrochloric acid, permanganate of potash, chromic acid, sulphuric acid, iodine. The power of ammonia, of vinegar, and of carbolic acid being represented by 1-200, that of iodine would be by 1-12,000. Iodine should therefore be considered as the best antiseptic to be employed in the treatment of maladies such as malignant pustule, boils, carbuncles, and the like, when, not having become localized under the form of a simple pustule, they had taken up a certain extension. Injections of 1-6,000 of iodized water are recommended.

GRATITUDE is the throwing out of our hearts in the light of another's kindness.

BITS OF WISDOM.

FAITH in our own ability is half of every battle.

NO WISE man ever wished to be young.—Walt.

THE worst men often give the best advice.—Bailey.

THE contented man is never poor, the discontented never rich.

NOTHING dies without in some way leaving a trace of its existence.

FRIENDSHIP is the wine of existence; love, the dram drinking.—Dickens.

MOMENTS of triumph are not always moments of happiness.—Mrs. Ellis.

GET atop of your troubles, and then they're half cured.—L. M. Alcott.

WE do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count.—Emerson.

MEMORY is the only paradise from which nothing can ever drive us.

WOMAN'S hopes are woven of sunbeams; shadow annihilates them.

George Eliot.

IT is not miserable to be blind: he only is miserable who cannot acquiesce in his blindness with fortitude.—Milton.

I've never any pity for concealed people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.—George Eliot.

WHO can doubt that anything which makes a man discontented with his state, without giving him the certainty of a better, is a curse?—G. P. H. James.

THERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in Plato's description of the Supreme Being, that "truth is his body, and light his shadow." Addison.

A GOOD citizen must know how to be able to command and to obey; he ought also to know in what manner freeman ought to govern and to be governed.

Aristotle.

SELF-RENUCINATION is not surrender of will. The will is never so strong as in giving up, for principle and the common good, self-interest or sensual delight.—C. A. Bartol.

THE golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.—George Eliot.

I LIKE breakfast-time better than any other moment in the day. No dust has settled on one's mind then, and it presents a clear mirror to the rays of things.—George Eliot.

IT is no common benefactor who gladdens others from the world's manifold literature its words of finest wit and matured wisdom for our entertainment, instruction, and inspiration.

HE who bids the law to be supreme makes God supreme; but he who contravenes man with supreme power gives it to a wild beast—for such his appetites sometimes make him.—Aristotle.

THERE is a power in the direct glance of a sincere and loving human soul, which will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle charity than the most elaborate arguments.—George Eliot.

THERE is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitions hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life. Landor.

HAS it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing?—Richard.

ALL things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections that have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be effort and the law of human judgment mercy.

Ruskin.

IT is precisely the proudest and most obstinate men who are the most liable to shift their position and contradict themselves: everything is easier to them than to face the simple fact that they have been thoroughly defeated, and must begin life anew.—George Eliot.

LIFE has such hard conditions that every dear and precious gift, every rare virtue, every pleasant faculty, every genial endowment, love, hope, joy, wit, sprightliness, benevolence, must sometimes be put into the crucible to distill the one elixir—patience.—Gail Hamilton.

THE activity of the young is like that of railcars in motion—they tear along with noise and turmoil, and leave peace behind them. The quietest nooks pervaded by them lose their quietude as they pass, and recover it only on their departure. Time's best gift to use is serenity.—Bovee.

THE strong emotions from which the life of a human being receives a new bias win their victory as the sea wins his: though their advance may be sure, they will often, after a mightier wave than usual, seem to roll back so far as to lose all the ground they had made.—George Eliot.

AFTER you are once awakened, be sure to use the first consciousness in getting upon the floor. If you allow yourself to parley a single moment, sleep, like an armed man, will probably seize upon you, and your resolution is gone, your hopes dashed and your habits destroyed.—Dr. Todd.